

The Historie of

wicht with the rogues company. If the rascal haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, jle be handg: it cold not be else, I haue drunke medicines, *Poines*, *Hal*, a plague on you both. *Bardoll*, *Peto*, Ile starue ere jle rob a foot further: and t were not as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man, and to leaue these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yardes of vneuen ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony hearted Villaines know it well enough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another. *They whistle.*

Whew, a plague vpo you all, giue me my Horle, you rogues, Giue me my Horle, and be hangd.

Prim. Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Fals. Haue you any leauers to lift me vp again being down? Zbloud, Ile not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot againe for all the Coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: what a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prince. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted,

Fals. I prethee good *Prince Hal*, helpe mee to my horle, Good Kings sonne.

Prince. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

Fals. Go hang thy selfe in thine owne Heire apparant Garters: if I be tane, jle peach for this: and I haue not Ballades made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of Sacke be my poyson: when ieast is so forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-bill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I doe against my will.

Poin. O tis our setter, I know his voice: *Bardoll* what newes?

Bar. Cae yee, cae ye; on with your Vizards, ther's mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fals. You lie you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tauerne.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Fals. To be hangd.

Prince. You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane! *Ned Poin*es and I, will walke lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Peto.

Henry the Fourth.

Peto. But how many be they of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fals. Zounds, will they not rob vs?

Prince. What? a coward Sir *John Pannch*?

Fals. Indeed I am not *John of Gant* your Granfather, but yet no coward, *Hal*.

Prince. Well, weele leaue that to the proofe.

Poynes. Sirra *lack*, thy horle stands behind the hedge, when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him, farewell, & stand

Fals. Now cannot I strike him if I should be hangd. (fast.

Prince. Ned, where are our disguises?

*Poin*es. Heere hard by stand close.

Fals. Now my maisters, happy man be his dole, say, eue ry man to his busines.

Enter the Trauellers.

Tra. Come neighbor, the boy shall lead our horses downe the hill, weele walke a foote a while, and ease our legs.

Theeues. Stay.

Tra. Iesus blese vs.

Fals. Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throats: a hore son caterpillars! Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

Fals. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no ye fat chuffes, I would your store were heere on bacons, on, what ye knaues? yong men must liue, you are grand lurers, are ye? weele iure ye yfaith.

Heere they rob them and bind them; Enter the Prince, and Poynes.

Prince. The theeues haue bound the true men: now could thou and I rob the theeues, and goe merrily to London, it vould be argument for a weeke, laughter for a month, and a good iest for euer.

*Poin*es. Stand close, I heare them comming.

Enter the theeues againe.

Fals. Come my maisters, let vs share, and then to horse before day: and the *Prince* & *Poin*es be not two arrant cowardes, theres no equity stirring, ther's no more valour in that *Poin*es than in a wild Ducke.

Prince.

"our"
"y" is his.